BUFFALO JONES IN WASHINGTON

Wants More Pasture for His Pets.

Bisons Now Like Mountains and Woods Better Than Plains.

Lays Plans Before President Roosevelt and Will Probably Get.

WASHINGTON, March 25 .- "Buffalo Jones," whose correct name is Col. C. J. Jones, came on to Washington a few days ago from the Sportsman's exposition in Madison Square, New York, to secure authority for the extension of his pet "buffalo pen" in the Yellowstone park. Incidentally, Mr. Jones wanted funds to carry out his project. He iaid his plans before President Roosevelt and there is a good chance for favora-

More Pasturage Required.

More Pasturage Required.

At the present time there are thirtynine buffsloes roaming the fenced area
within the park. In this connection, it
is worth while to note that the number of "captives" has been doubled
during the past year, but it should also
be stated that the increase is not due
entire to births. Several calves have
been captured, and a few mature animale have been purchased.

male have been purchased.

A considerable area of good pasturage is required to keep thirty-nine buffalces in good condition. The present inclosed space is not large enough, ac-cording to the estimate of Col. Jones. and he hopes that he may be given

funds to stretch more wire. Ranging at large in the national preserve are twenty-five or thirty head of the former monarchs of the plains. For the most part they are in the higher mountains. Ordinarily there would not be another and the service of the property of the be anything specially significant in the statement that the animals are now living in the higher places, but when we look back, not many years, to the time the railroad first invaded the vast plains of the far West, and compare the home of the buffalo at that time with what it is now, the idea of ani-mals accustoming themselves to new habitat is forcefully brought to mind.

Adapts Itself to Conditions.

We have always thought the buffalo we have always thought the bunals as a plains animal, but we now see that with the conditions changed it adapts itself to new conditions. The same history applies to the elk, more property wapiti, which was driven from plain to foothill and finally into the mountain fastnesses. It is not to be presumed, however, that in the days when the buffalo overran the prairies it did not extend its wanderings into the

did not extend its wanderings into the higher altitudes.

Many years ago it was found in the Appalachian mountain region, which extends from the interior of Maine, in New England, to Alabama, in the South. The great home of the buffalo, however, was the Western plains, and here they were found in great numbers even at late as 1871. Between 1870 and 1880, the latter date bringing the completion of the Northern Paging rails. letton of the Northern Pacific rail-road, the slaughter wrought by the hide hunters was something terrible, and it was not long before the public commenced to perceive that the buf-falo, or American bison, was fast ap-proaching extinction. proaching extinction

At the present time, the only wild herd in existence, so far as I know, is that which roams in the region of the Great Slave lake. The herds in captiv-ity are those owned by the New York logical society and those which are

found in the preserve in New Hampshire established by Austin Corbin. Unless my memory falls me James J. Hill of the Great Northern has done something in the way of preserving the buffalo. On that point, however, I have not sufficient knowledge to speak definitely. In the national zoo, here in Washington, there are some good specimens of pure-blooded bison.

One strong argument in favor of Col. Jones's plea for more money to extend the grazing area of his Yellowstone park herd is that the buffalo deteriorates when kept in preserves, unless the space in which he can roum, is very large. It is true that there is no little talk at the present time about keeping down public expenditure, but it is also a fact that if we are going to preserve a remnant of the former king of the plains, the ordinary expenditures required in such a movement should be met cheerfully. met cheerfully.

Enemies of the Buffalo.

Col. Jones is eminently qualified to speak on the subject of the buffalo. As his nickname indicates, he has given much of his time to this animal. I presume that in the early days he was not over careful as to the number he killed, but with a final realization of what the wholesale killing of the buffalo meant. mended his ways and became a con-

Man, however, is not the only enemy of the big game. The cougar, which is known in some localities as the pumand in others as the mountain lion, is the most persistent enemy of the buffalo, wapitl and deer.

Slaughter of Cougars.

Speaking of the dangers to which the buffaloes of the Yollowstone park are exposed. Col. Jones said that the most serious menace to the herd was the ma. He had, he said, killed over forty of them during the past winter. In one day he bagged six; on another oceasion he shot two in one tree.

Elk are on the increase in the Yellow-stone, as are also the mountain sheep. Beaver are found along all the streams.

Old Pop Auson After Home Run

Racing From Ward to Ward After the Elusive Vote-And Does It Well.

At last the baseball fan has a candidate The time has come when the three-base hit and the double play have a political significance. The rooter for a home run on the diamond has become a rooter for a home run in politics. He has changed his score card for an election clerk's tally

And you say you don't know why? 'Pop" Apson is a candidate, a Democratic, municipal owership, referendum-worshiping, vote-asking candidate. That's why. "Old Anse," as the rooters still call him, has come to bat with a five-minute politihas come to but with a five-minute politi-cal speech and stands on the plate defying the oratorical curves of any campaigner who dares say he ought not be the next City Clerk of Chicago. Capt. Anson never raced around the diamond faster than he is now racing from ward to ward with the other candidates, and wherever he goes he hears the slogan of his supporting fans, "Make a home run, Anse! Put it over the fence!"

"Make a home run, Anse! Put it over the fence!"

But it is a long run to the home base, and, according to the old ball player, there are 900 biases to cover instead of three. You should see Anson make a political slide to these bases. If you do you will never forget it. He crosses half a dozen or more of them each night and to an accompaniment of red fire and redder oratory he tells the fans it is time to tally. So far this campaign Anson has fouled not once. He seems to be as sure a batter as ever. He swings the sententious hat with somewhat less case that a John Maynard Harian or a James Hamilton Lewis, but he swings it feroclously. Anson says winning the game depends more upon his running ability than his batting sverage, and he declares he hasn't yet begun puffing.

Gold Strike in Japan.

Japan has discovered a gold mine in the Kezen district of Rikuzen, Iwati prov-ince, on Government property, which is expected to produce ten to fisteen million dollars yearly and to possess workable ore capected to produce ten to fisteen milition follars yearly and to possess workable ore all told amounting to \$50,000,000—enough, f expectations are realized, to pay the war debt twice over. The empire has only scratched the surface of its mineral possessions so far, but as soon as the war is out of the way will push that form of enterprise as energetically as it has pushed the latter, and no doubt, to an equally successful issue.—New York Tribune.

BE ACCURATE

Ruby Rob Talks of How to Fight.

Distance of Blow Doesn't Count So Much as Certainty of Delivery.

Veteran Describes How He Handed Sleep to Victims in Various

"Bob" Fitzsimmons, one-time champlon of the world, and reputed to be the most effective puncher now before the public, declares that he never really hit any pugilist with all his force. The man who sent Jack Dempsey to defeat at New Orleans, and thus shat-

deteat at New Orleans, and thus shat-tered the American triumvir of pugl-lists composed of Sullivan, Dempsey and McAuliffe, recently gave an inter-esting illustration of the various blows with which he put out his opponents. Fitzsimmons declares that it is not the distance of the blow that counts so much as the accuracy with which it is landed.
"Many times," said Bob. "I have had

'Many times," said Bob, "I have had to laugh to hear the expressions of sur-prise from fight followers when I prise from fight followers when I slammed in a clout on an opponent's head that sounded like the report of a cannon. Well, I knew that the blow did little damage, but to hear the 'ouches' that rippled through the audience one would think that I had shattered a course of house. tered a couple of bones.

"Then, again, I have sent over knockout punches at a distance of a few inches, and when my opponent rolled over on the canvas the audience seemed spellbound.

How He Hit Maher.

Take my fight with Peter Maher at Langtry, Tex. The blow which put Peter right out of the running was a short, sharp right-hand cross to the jaw. Peter had just missed me with his right hand and had his left arm under my right, so that I could not get at him with a full swing.

"I shifted the position of my left hand, and Peter, thinking I was going to attack with that member, dropped his guard against my right hand.
"I had a few inches of free space, not

"I had a few inches of free space, not

more than four, and I let go a cross-over jolt that almost tore his head from his shoulders. It was one of the most powerful blows I ever landed. Maher went down as though he had been hit with a sledgehammer, and he stayed down until some one dragged him from the ring.

"The blow raised a lump on his jaw bigger than a hen's egg. Very few of those present knew the real power of that blow, but Maher realized its force.
"I might say that I won that battle
by one of the shortest knockouts ever delivered in a heavy-weight contest, the fight going less than a round, yet my right hand was not more than four inches from Peter's jaw when I started the punch. That chop was a beauty, and no mistake about it.

Solar Plexus Punch.

"My fight with Corbett illustrates the terrible effect of the solar plexus blow. Up to the time I landed that blow. Up to the time I landed that punch Corbett was pretty spry. I was confident that I had him licked from the first round and knew that once I got home the 'bread winner' it would be all off with Mr. Corbett.

"My opportunity came in the fourteenth round. We had not been fighting very long when Corbett fell under the spell of my shift. His stomach was unprotected and I shot my left arm into the pit of his stomach

Every Dollar it Mints

worth 100 Cents. It also

"His face turned ashen white, his eyes seemed to protrude from their sockets, and his limbs seemed paralyzed. I knew he would not come back after that punch and I walked back to my corner.

"The blow was a pretty bard one."

"The blow was a pretty hard one, but was not backed up by all my strength. I had intended the solar plexus to bring his jaw within range of my right, but the proceedings was un-necessary, as that solar plexus made me even with Corbett for the insults he heaped on me."

he heaped on me."

Fitzsimmons can strike a blow from any position that carries with it the force of a mule's kick.

Fitz a Peculiar Fighter.

Bob is a peculiar fighter and no real line on his most effective style has ever been gained. Fitzsimmons always had more knockout blows filed away for future reference than all the others in the heavy-weight division possessed between them, and he always kept an

opponent guessing as to where the next crack was coming from.

According to Fitzsimmons he has been before the public for twenty-five years as a puglist. His first appearance was in a ring at Timaru, New

Zealand, in 1850.

Fitzsimmons's first fight of importance in this country was against Jack Dempsey, whom he defeated for the championship at New Orleans in 1891, in thirteen rounds.

After Fitz Reked Dempsey he was in

After Fitz licked Dempsey he was in great demand as an attraction. His next fight of note was with Peter Ma-her, and he licked the Irishman in welve rounds, after Maher has prac-lcally knocked him out in the second But the saffron in Maher showed that night, and has been con-

Maher disposed of Fitzsimmons sought new opponents, and his next antagonist proved to be Joe Choynski. The latter was then at his best and The latter was then at his best and he gave to Fitzsimmons one of the most terrific fights in his ring career. One of Joe's stinging rights landed on the lanky one's neck, and it looked as though Fitz was done for, but he surprised the crowd by getting up and sailing into Choynski.

TELLS NAME

And He's Not Ashamed of It, Either.

Clarke Griffith Finds Long Twirler Can Deliver the Goods All Right.

Says He Looks Like Born Ball Player, With Pitching 'Way Above

Salt Lake fans remember Willie Hogg, nd, remembering, will relish this: Here is a man who calls a spade a spade. Without frill, furbelow or trimming, he rises in response to a pointed question and stands by his name. He is one William Hogg, the tall, lithe ball-player who is being tried out by Clarke Griffith at Montgomery, Ala., and whose splendid pitching has practically landed him a place in the Highlanders' ranks. And here it goes: Said William Hogg to all who asked How he pronounced his cognomen:

Just say it plain as it is writ That sure requires no acume

"It is the name my daddy wore: He flourished as he bore it; So just plain Hog will do for me: In fact, I quite adore it.

"Now, once for all, I hereby state— And write it in your log— My name, it is not Hoge nor Hogue, But just plain William Hogg."

Hogg was approached singerly when he arrived from Seattle, Wash. When he was introduced, the introducer either slid to articulate it at all Griffith, with much discretion, called him Hogue. Al Orth referred to him as Hoge. All the others said "Say," when they addressed him.

Asks His Name.

Finally, after practice one day, Rube Whitley made bold to ask: "Say, you, would you mind tellin us how you say your name?"

your name?" said Hogg. "That's easy. It's just plain, common, ordinary, everyday Hogg. Forget the frills and call it Hogg, week days and Sundays.
"My governor gave it to me, and it will do just as well as Montmorency. My name's Hogg, and I'm proud of it."
That settled the matter finally, and everybody felt relieved. And be it known that a more gentlemanly chap never stepped in baseball shoes, and before the season is over he is likely to be heard from as a game-winner.

Here Is Contrast

Here Is Contrast.

As a contrast in names Pearl Holycross figures. The appellation is one for ball-rooters to conjure with It offers infinite possibilities to the bleacherite, and lends itself readily to gibe and jest. But one look at the quiet, determined little fellow as he steps to the plate and outbats all the old-timers, robs the rooter of his thunder.

thunder.

He fields, bats and runs with certainty and ginger. His pitching is also away above par, and he can play any position on the team. His work thus far justifies his front name.

Griffith said to me the other day: "These two youngsters show great promise. Both look to me like born ball-players. Each is conscientious and ambitious, and each has talent to spare f look for star work from both of them."

And Griffith ought to know.—New York Express.

Sad Fate of a Careful Man.

Sad Fate of a Careful Man.

I had a friend who did his duty to himself and others with such zeal that he never went to bed without taking his temperature or got up without drinking a scientific decoction the name and composition of which I have forgotten; the flavor, however, was such as rendered the duty performed particularly meritorious. His dietary was based on the most scientific principles, he weighed himself before and after each meal; he had his appendix removed, so as to avoid all risk of appendicitis, and, in short, he so fully realized the duty of being healthy and long lived that he never had time to do anything else or talk about anything else. Unfortunately, he never took that fickle jade "Fortune" into his calculations, and after only a year of striving most manfully to fulfill the duty of being longitived he slipped on a piece of orange peel and fractured the base of his skull—Pail Mall Gazette.

MEET BRITT

Hogan Calls James Edward Slippery.

Jabez White Should Bother Native Son by His Tactics.

Californian Will Find New Sort of Proposition Waiting for Him

Battling Nelson has about lost out again with "Jimmy" Britt. The Dane stands little or no chance of getting the slippery Native Son into the ring with him, says Melachy Hogan. The arrival of Jabez White Friday makes it almost certain that the articles signed something over two weeks ago will not go into effect. This is strictly according to predictions made in this column a month ago.

At that time I pointed out that none of the men who have been beaten by Britt have ever been able to get a return match from him. Martin Canole, Willie Fitzgerald and Young Corbett had the same experience practically that Nelson is having. Return matches are not to Britt's liking, although Jack O Keefe was accommodated after he had won from Britt on a foul. with "Jimmy" Britt. The Dane stands

Gans also won from James Edward in

Gans also won from James Edward in the same way, but Britt has been claim-ing ever since that that fight entitled him to the lightweight championabip because he seemed to have the negro going when the bout came to an end.

Had Man Cornered.

Had Man Cornered.

Nelson almost had his man cornered. It is hard to judge at this distance all the angles of a match, but reports from the coast show that "Billy" Nolan, the Dane's manager, refused to take the worst of the financial end of the bout.

It came out the Coffroth had promised Britt a bonus of 19 per cent of the gate for signing the articles. The agreement called for a purse of 86 per cent to be divided between the boxers, and when Nolan found that Britt was to get an additional 10 per cent he was naturally mad. Nolan figures that Nolson is just as good a card as Britt. He therefore holds up for a purse of 85 per cent, and says he is willing to split this amount any way that suits Britt. Coffroth made a poor play early in the week when he announced that Jabez White had been signed to take Nelson's place, and that the match with the Dane was off A few days later it leaked out that the White-Britt match had not been made. Then Nelson's manager declared he would "stand pat" on his previous demand for 65 per cent of the purse, and the matter rests there.

White on Ground.

White on Ground.

The arrival of White in New York,

White on Ground.

The arrival of White in New York, however, put another complexion on the case. The English champion is now in the East, but has declared his intention of hiking to California at once. If he does it is dollars to doughnuts that he will get a match in a hurry. That will let Nelson out in the cold for some months at least.

After the way the Chicago boxer has been thrown down most light fans in this section will pull for White against Britt. The Englishman's interests in this country will be looked after by Tom O Rourke. The genial New York manager believes that a fighter should fight, and if he has his say Nelson could probably get on with White provided the latter defeats Britt.

White is credited with being the best light-weight that England has turned out in many years. He has trained with most of the American fighters who have visited London in the last few years, and has acquired a lot of American methods that have helped him in his fights there. But he has also retained the boxing ability for which English ring artists have been famous He is reported as fast, shifty, a good puncher with either hand and a hard man to corner.

Will Bother James.

Will Bother James.

That is just about the kind of a fighter who should give Britt all kinds of trouble. If White carries heavy enough guns in his mits and comes up to expec-

guns in his mits and comes up to expections in other respects he should stand a royal chance of defeating Britt. Of course he will be under a disadvantage in this country owing to the different methods of conducting fights.

In England the referee stands outside of the ring. The men break at order, and there is none of the prying apart seen here. Then, too, they score differently over there. A man who avoids a punch is given the same credit as the man who lands.

Hard Nut for Britt.

Hard Nut for Britt.

Hard Nut for Britt.

That is the stumbling block that Frankie Neil complained of. Neil claimed after his return that he chased Bowker all over the ring, but couldn't catch him, and that a sprinter is considered a better man than a lighter over there.

Most of the boys who have fought Jimmy Britt, however, have the same remark to make concerning him. If Britt and White get into the ring the California boy will have to do a lot more forcing than in most of his fights. He will at least have to come half way in this respect. He showed his ability to do this in the Gans fight, but whether he can keep it up for twenty rounds is one of the questions that only the fight itself can determine.

Seth Bullock on New York.

Capt. Seth Bullock, clear-eyed cowboy ritic, says of a certain species of East-rn citizenship:

critizenship:

"A man from out our way can't help seeing the way a lot of sheep-faces along in these subways and street cars of yours crowd women and stamp on their feet to get ahead of them. Great God Almighty! I came over from Washington yesterday on the Congressional Limited, and things they called men pushed their way by women, who were there before 'em, into the diring car, and when they were through and done with their dinners these same critters sat there and smoked cigars and let the women wait. If that's the typical Eastern gentleman, then the real American gentleman is to be found in the West."

West."

Mr. Bullock's criticism is just. It is well founded. Not one word can be uttered in deprecation of it, except Mr. Bullock's implied admission that it is not typical. There are "real American gentlemen" in New York, in all kinds of places and in all sorts of raiment—plenty of them. But they are not very convicuous in the sub-ways, in street can or in the bridge. ways, in street carl or in the bridge crush. No York World.

Under the Apple Tree.

Under the Apple Tree.

In the garden of a great man six persons were sitting, a scientific man, a merchant, a poet, a young man-very much in love—a lawyer and a lady. The wind was blowing rather hard and six apples fell down. Each took one. The scientific man took his apple and discovered a new law of nature. The merchant sold his. The poet ate his. The young man who was very much in love gave his to his sweetheart. The lawyer went to law against the owner of the tree on account of being hit by the fallen apple. But the lady took her apple to the owner of the tree, gained his affections and as he was rich she had lots of money all the rest of her life—Fables of Eugen Heltal.

I WANT NO MONEY

You can talk to the people I've cured, but you need not pay me until I cure you.

You can talk with the men and women who have been oured by my treatment, and that's worth considering I might preach for years in my efforts to gather converts to my way of curing disease, and nobody would pay any attention to my arguments; but when I

to my arguments; but when I tell you I have oured your neighbor, Mr. Walker, or your old friend, Mr. Williams, and you can go and ask them about ms, and they tell you I have cured them, then I have given you proof, and you know that I do all I claim.

And I want you to give me credit for what I prove There's nothing surer than the word of an honest man, and when such men as these admit that I cured them, you know that I can cure you.

Here is Proof of My Arguments:

Dr. McLaughiln.
Dear Sir:—Your Belt has proven entirely satisfactory in my case. Any
one wishing to know of its merits can
write me and I will gladly recommend
it for the benefits I have derived from
its use. Yours respectfully,
LESTER FORBUSH.
Robinson, Utah.

Dear Sir -- I have worn your Belt for the last month, and it has given entire satisfaction. I am seventy years of age. I can do a good day's work, walk from six to ten miles, and come home at night feeling well and fresh. I will gladly recommend your Belt. Your very truly, JESSE TYE, Fillmore City, Utah.

Dear Sir.—I wish to say that I feel like a new man since wearing your Belt. In every way I feel like a new man. My Belt is number seven, and is giving good satisfaction. Yours respectfully, C. J. LEYLAND, Park City, Utah.

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I take the chances, not you, so come and see me, and if I say I can cure you, I will prove it to your satisfaction before you pay me a cent.

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Intemperance Among :

Women

their own homes.

It is said by those in a position to know that it is no use to disguise the terrible fact that intemperance is more frequent among women than it has ever been before. More general and more rulnous to the point of physical and mental mortality.

Your actions have plowed deep furrows in your mother's cheek. Time has scattered the snowy flakes on her brow, her lips are thin and shrunken, but those are the same lips which have kissed many a hot tear from your childish cheek. The sands of her life have nearly run out, but feeble as she is she will go further and reach down lower for

you than any other person on earth.

Why not brace up now and make her declining years happy? Let us help you; we will protect you from all publicity. Absolute freedom

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